

*William Kelly*

# **The Student's Pen**



**October  
1926**



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## THE STUDENT'S PEN

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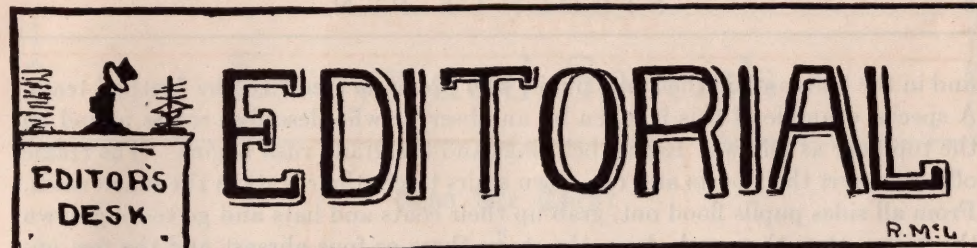
### Autumn Time

O, Autumn's the time for colors gay.  
 The burnished leaves in bright array,  
 The amethyst of asters blue,  
 The goldenrod of yellow hue  
 Make the blue and gold of an autumn day.  
 O, Autumn's the time for colors gay.

O, Autumn's the time for crisp, brown leaves  
 On which the sun a pattern weaves,  
 The wafting away of tiny seeds,  
 And the dusty stalks of wayside weeds,  
 And the mellow gold of harvest sheaves,  
 O, Autumn's the time for crisp, brown leaves.

O, Autumn's the time for Hallowe'en,  
 For the ghosts and the witches never seen,  
 For the harvest moon so round and bright,  
 For the bats and the spooks that play at night,  
 And the bright jack-o-lanterns of grinning mien,  
 O, Autumn's the time for Hallowe'en.

A. M. Coleman '27



### Life's Highway

LIFE is like a highway on which everyone must travel. It consists of two roads, one, "Hard-Earned Success," the other, "Deceitful Failure." The lower road, that of failure, slopes downward. Lured by the congenial, happy moods of deceitful friends and by mirages and optical illusions, you advance leisurely, becoming one of a group of happy-go-lucky wayfarers. Gay, hysterical crowds cheer you on; bands and orchestras entice you with wild music; enchantments of a varied nature hold your attention until the last connecting path to the higher road is left far behind.

It is then that you experience a thirst for the more practical and a hunger for the more permanent things of life. Then, bewailing your wasted opportunities, you are thrust into darkness, into oblivion, and your erstwhile friends leave you helpless and they return to lure other unsuspecting mortals into this same predicament.

The upper road, that of success, because of its steep ascent, is traveled only by those whose qualities and virtues are capable of overcoming numerous difficulties, surmounting gruesome obstacles and clinging to the best ideals. The climb is difficult. Whether hindered by foul weather or aided by fair, you must plod onward. When most fatigued by your task, you will encounter narrow passages, thick with silent gloom, and rocky slopes, from which fellow travelers, losing their holds, have been hurled to inevitable failure. But when you are most discouraged and on the verge of yielding, only remember that the gods, hastening from Olympus, assemble to help those who help themselves.

At intervals along the route you will see by paths, short-cuts to the lower road of Failure; but the way of Progress is plainly marked at every fork and crossroad. Cherished friends who have gone on before you urge you forward at a time when the temptation to turn back is strong. Then, when the summit is reached, you may cast your eyes upon the gorgeous scenery, whose every hue depicts permanent success, and then, only then, you may experience the keen joy of having won.

Life plays no favorites. All must either succeed or fail. Which, fellow students, will you choose? You are the builders of your own futures. The goal you now set will be the direction of your work. For as you turn your steps today, so tomorrow will you reach your destination, Success or Failure.

G. Wellspeak, R. Pomeroy

### School Traffic

STUDENTS, do you know the condition of traffic in Pittsfield High School? Do you have to be reminded of rules and regulations? If you should look through your Students' Guide you would find a traffic rule which states that running, pushing, and loud talking are not allowed in the corridors, yet, we



find in the halls and on the stairs pupils who would do credit to the football team. A special example of this is given by an observer who describes recess period on the top floor as follows: Recess bell rings and the grand rush begins. The traffic officers desert their posts and run down stairs to get their seats in the lunch room. From all sides pupils flood out, grab up their coats and hats and go tearing down the halls; then they rush down the stairs three or four abreast and the few unfortunate pupils coming up either have to wait until the crowd passes or risk their lives in the ascent. But not only the boys are to blame, for the girls are seen collecting around their classroom doors and standing in narrow passages talking with the traffic officers and in this way obstructing traffic.

However, the poorest showing of passing through the corridors is displayed during the fire drills. Very few pupils think of the seriousness of this drill and many fail to carry it out correctly because they do not familiarize themselves with the fire drill rules, which are posted on the bulletin boards or written on the blackboards in the front of each room. Many of the teachers say that the traffic direction is extremely poor and our principal, Mr. Strout, has often spoken about its condition. All these things go to show, students, that our traffic is not up to the Pittsfield High School standard, which should be 100%. How long shall we continue to abuse our privileges? How long shall this thing go on? A word to the wise is sufficient. Come on, let's cooperate with the traffic officers and teachers in making Pittsfield High School proud of its traffic direction.

*Frank Sullivan '28*

### The Pro-Merito Society

**D**URING the past few years there has been a society in existence in Massachusetts called Pro-Merito with chapters in many schools giving four year secondary courses. One chapter has been established here in Pittsfield High School, but up to this time there has been little interest shown in Pro-Merito, due, perhaps to the fact that little is known about it.

The Constitution says that the Pro-Merito awards are to be made by the principal to students of worthy character attaining at least 85% in all studies. A pupil may be thus elected at the end of his junior year or if he has not attained the grade by then, he may become a Pro-Merito at the completion of his senior year.

However, last term,—June, 1926 to be specific—was the first time that the awards were made at Pittsfield High School to those having just completed their junior year. Those who were chosen were Olaf Johnson, Margaret Killeen, Gladys Wellspeak, Marion Simmons, Irene Sheridan, Ruth Martin, and Celia Manley. These pupils met with Mr. Strout October 11, 1926 to discuss the aims, plans, and officers of the society. The officers elected were President, Olaf Johnson; Secretary, Gladys Wellspeak. The Society aims for higher scholarship and greater interest in scholastic matters on the part of the pupils. Perhaps you do not know that Massachusetts schools which formerly ranked first have dropped to a much lower standard but it is hoped and even expected that through Pro-Merito they will gain their former standing.

## Essays and Specials

### Who Are They?

#### I.

**J**ONATHAN Edwards was not the only famous person who has lived in East Windsor, Connecticut. We have on our faculty one who was born in that little Connecticut town, but she early transferred her allegiance from the Nutmeg State to Massachusetts and showed her good judgment in making Pittsfield her home.

It was in the Pittsfield schools that she received her early education, her grammar school days being chiefly noteworthy for all the prizes that she won in mathematics, a subject in which, paradoxically, she claims to have little ability. After graduating with honors from Pittsfield High School, she entered Smith College at Northampton, from which institution she received her A.B. degree, being one of the youngest members of her graduating class. During her college career she was a member of the dramatics and choral clubs and also played basketball.

Upon her graduation from Smith, she came back to Pittsfield High as instructor in German and English, but English seemed to be her favorite for after one year she gave up the German and has taught English ever since. At different times she has had charge of debating and public speaking clubs and has coached a number of high school dramatic successes, among them "The Taming of the Shrew" and "Christopher, Jr."

Everyone has her hobbies and this teacher has two. One is playing golf; the other, driving her automobile. She is very fond of travel and has toured the Middle West and Canada.

Tho she has taught for a number of years, she has not lost the student's point of view, as she is herself a student still, having spent the last two summers at Columbia University where she is doing graduate work in the School of Philosophy.

#### II.

It is interesting to note that this member of the faculty is a native of our city and also an alumna of Pittsfield High School.

She claims the College of St. Elizabeth in Morristown, New Jersey, as her alma mater. Having been graduated from this institution she became a member of the faculty of Addison High School in Addison, a suburb of Elmira, New York. Here she was an instructor of French and Algebra.

She is keenly interested in Dramatics. At Addison High School she assisted in this field. Here, too, she participated in a play whose cast was composed exclusively of the faculty. In the dramatic line she possesses no mean talent. While at College she was a member of the College Dramatic Club. She has also taken an active part in productions of the Town Players of this city.

We are indeed fortunate in having her at Pittsfield High School as instructor of English and Public Speaking.



## III.

Pittsfield High extends a hearty welcome to a former teacher.

She was born in Pittsfield and educated in its public schools. After graduating from high school she attended St. Elizabeth's College in New Jersey.

Her teaching has been confined to Pittsfield schools. For a time she taught in the lower grades at Crane and Pomeroy, but her ability was soon discovered and she was sent to Pittsfield High School. Again she went to Pomeroy as instructor in German and Algebra. After teaching here a short time she was transferred once more to Pittsfield High where she now teaches Geometry.

Aside from her active life of teaching, she has enjoyed to the full the pleasures of travel. In the summer of 1925 she travelled in Europe, visiting many countries, including the British Isles, Italy, Germany, France, and Switzerland. Unfortunately space does not allow a detailed treatment of her fascinating experiences in foreign lands.

We are happy that she is once more on the home shores here at Pittsfield High School.

## IV

It is not surprising to find that a most fascinating life should be the lot of one so vitally interested in life herself.

After completing her grammar school education in Rollinsford, New Hampshire, her native town, she entered Berwick Academy, South Berwick, Maine. At this institution she was president of her class throughout the four years. She was graduated from this Academy with salutatorian honors. Her efficiency did not pass unrequited for she was awarded a scholarship of four hundred dollars.

Next she entered Bates College, an institution noted for its many graduates who enter the teaching profession. During this course she acted as private secretary to various professors, a position involving not only responsibility, but demanding integrity as well. Practical experience was gained by teaching during the winter months. This necessitated an absence of a month or more each year from her college work, but she kept to the front in the class and passed the examination sufficiently well to be granted a free tuition which she retained during four years.

Scholastic and social life were blended. For two years she was vice-president of her class and the last two years she served as secretary. She was manager of the basketball team. She participated in such clubs as dramatics, literary, glee and French.

Next she went to Austin-Cate Academy, New Hampshire, where for four years she acted as supervisor of the girls' dormitory besides teaching English French and history.

Hardwick High School in Gilbertville, Massachusetts next claimed her. Here she taught English, history, French, and Latin.

She came to Pittsfield High School in 1916 where she has taught in both the Latin and French departments.

## Uncut Pages

I LOVE a book with uncut pages. For me there is a feeling of discovery, a sense of adventure, in the closed pages. The book is so much more my own when with eager hands I sever the joined leaves to find the Unknown. It may be that the loveliness of some new poem has been interrupted. Then how swiftly I ply the paper cutter to reveal the further beauty. Or perhaps I cut the pages to begin a new thought, to find a new message, to make a new beginning. Sometimes a tear falls in the pause, sometimes I stop to chuckle. When the leaves are partly open, I often take a sly peep to see what is coming. Even then I never really know.

Closed doors, too, are always hiding something. Old doors, on old, tumble-down houses are hiding memories. If I went in, I could find them. But I never do go in. It is much nicer to stay outside and think about them. New doors on new houses hide dreams, if the house is a little one. But if it is a big, self-satisfied house, they hide achievement. Doors inside houses lead into warm, cozy rooms, or into big, damp, gloomy ones. They lead into neat closets, where all the little jars are in straight rows, and neatly labeled, or they lead into dark, dusty holes in the wall.

Gates open into trim gardens, where every flower is placed in every bed just so, and every path is straight, and every bed is square. Gates bring you into dream gardens, where everything is everywhere, and everything belongs. Or they lead onto smooth green lawns, or just from one pasture to another. Gates are adventures.

And life is like that. Life is like a book with uncut leaves. You turn the pages of the days to find most anything. I think perhaps that's why I love it so. Newness, unexpectedness, adventure!

*M. H. Bastow*

## Come Autumn

Bring back your bright, blue days;  
Let many-colored landscapes meet our gaze;  
O Autumn,  
Hear and heed our worthy praise  
And welcome.

Return the black, chill night;  
When we are huddled near the hearthfire bright;  
O Autumn,  
Come, for our supreme delight  
And welcome.

Lay bare the harvest fields;  
Warn every bird that coldness onward steals;  
O Autumn,  
Come, for winter soon reveals  
Our welcome.

*A. R. Pomeroy '27*





### Three Men

WILLIAM Jones was about to write a story. A large pad of writing paper lay before him on the desk, a pencil was tapping on the third knuckle of his left hand, and a far-away look was in the would-be writer's eyes. Judging by the designs and figures sketched on the paper margin, Bill had not yet thought of a suitable idea on which to expend his talent. He chewed the point of his pencil absent-mindedly and then added a triangle to the various other designs. He gave a sigh and glanced at the clock on the mantel. Ten o'clock! He settled more deeply into his chair and tried to concentrate on an idea.

This story was his next day's English assignment. The teacher had cautioned all to come forth on the morrow with a story that was different from those usually found in school magazines, Sunday-school papers, etc.

Suddenly he rose and hurried to the pantry. Returning with a generous slab of fruit cake in one hand, he seated himself again and with the air of an epicure watched the cake slowly disappear until he had reached the last. Then with a final sigh, he dispatched this last bit of excuse for delay, and wrote at the top of the paper the following words: "Three Men". Desperately he started his story.

The rain hissed down. The air was damp and chilling. Three men, clad in ragged garments, sneaked along a narrow street of the town of Centerville. They were a queer looking lot. One, the tallest, wore a pair of black eye glasses and walked with a curious stoop. The other two looked much alike, being short and stout, and having rather tanned features. All three seemed fearful lest someone should see them. The tall one cursed soulfully at the drenching rain, but the other two seemed not to mind it. Finally they came to the outskirts of the town. The tall fellow glanced about him and muttered in a low tone, "Where in Tophet is that house? How can we deliver these stones when we don't even know what house the boss lives in?" The other two muttered some reply and trudged on. At last the trio seemed to reach their destination. They stopped before a fairly substantial house and held a whispered consultation. Then they walked up to the porch steps where they hesitated a moment. The men seemed undecided as to what to do. One said "You take them in, 'Bud'; you know him better than I". Another dissented earnestly and finally the tall one bade them be quiet. He took the stones,—they were in a small canvas sack,—and lightly mounting the stairs, approached the door. He lit a match and by its light scanned the name on the door. Then with a determined air he rang the bell.

At this point in his story our author was suddenly interrupted by the pealing of the doorbell. He waited and listened. A second and more urgent ring brought him to his feet. He hurried to the door, and after turning on the porch light,

opened the door and looked out. He was then startled. Standing before him was a tall fellow who wore a pair of black eye-glasses and who had a peculiar stoop. He gave Bill a sharp glance.

"Is your father home, Jack?", he inquired pleasantly. Bill stuttered something as to his father's being home in a few minutes, and then caught sight of two other men farther back on the porch. He gasped as he perceived that these two were short and stout, and had a bushy growth of beard on their tanned faces. With a queer, chilly feeling in the region of his spine, he invited the three to come in and wait until Mr. Jones should return. The three entered and with embarrassed coughs took seats in the parlor. Bill returned to the desk where he had been writing and gathered up his papers. The tall man noticed this and in a friendly manner asked him what he had been doing.

"I've been writing a story," was the reply.

"What's the title?"

"Three Men."

"Three Men?", that's a good one. Well, what's the main point of interest that these three men possess?"—This said lazily.

"They're diamond thieves" said Bill. "I was about to have them deliver the stones to their boss, when you interrupted me."

At this bit of information the three callers looked at each other queerly and then began exchanging knowing winks. Bill was disturbed; he felt a vague fear as to who these men were.

"We've got some 'stones' to deliver, too," said the tall one. Then he added quickly, "Maybe your dad won't like them either and in that case—" his voice trailed off into slow chucklings. He smiled and drew from his pocket a pack of cigarettes. Bill accepted one and soon the room was blue with smoke from the four. Bill felt himself becoming more and more uneasy. The beads of sweat gathered on his forehead; it seemed to him that all three were watching him closely. At last he felt that he could bear the silence no longer and was about to comment on the weather, when he heard his father's footsteps on the porch. A half-formed idea of warning his father against these three tough-looking men ran thru his head, but was discarded instantly.

Mr. Jones entered and closed the door softly as befits a man who comes in late. He removed his hat and stepped into the parlor. The three had risen at his coming and all seemed curiously expectant. Now, as his father entered. Bill saw the tall one put a careful hand into his pocket. The boy uttered one startled cry of, "Hey, Dad!" and then stopped in amazement. The tall man had drawn from his pocket a small cloth bag, which, judging from the rattle, was full of small stones. He grinned and after shaking hands with Mr. Jones, tossed the bag on the desk.

"Well, son," said Mr. Jones, "Meet Mr. Harrison, the geologist, and his two assistants, just back from a trip in the mountains. Their clothes look as if they'd had some hard usage, but I see that they got my bag of specimens all right."

E. C. Merriman '27



### Peter

PETER was either a genius or a nut. Friends valiantly upheld the former idea. Enemies were sure to voice the latter. Most people wondered. But Peter was different. Friends, enemies, and the world at large agreed to that. Peter was most decidedly different.

When most boys his age were deciding whether to ask Betty or Margery to the dance, Peter was wondering whether love were all that Rupert Brooke said. (Peter had never tried it.)

While Jack, and Tom, and Fred worked, and fought, and practiced to make the team, Peter read "The Ego" and "His Own" and remained an idealist.

And while the other boys were modern to the extent of "petting parties," Peter went them one better and tried a platonic friendship with Nancy Gale.

Nancy had grey eyes and a sleek black bob. Nancy had read almost as much as Peter, though along different lines. And Nancy adored Rupert Brooke.

It was this last which made Peter like her. She had read an excellent essay on Rupert Brooke in English class. Peter stopped her after class and they started a discussion. Nothing was more natural than their desire to finish it.

The next night Peter called with a volume of Rupert Brooke in one pocket, and Byron in another. He had planned a comparison. It was really clever, the discussion he gave, and Nancy made a good listener. She sat watching him, gray eyes wide and interested, smiling.

Peter enjoyed himself. He told her she should read "Arrowsmith," and asked if he might call again. Nancy said yes, and smiled. She was still smiling when she closed the door, put out the light, and stood staring into the darkness.

It was soon common property. Peter had fallen for Nancy Gale. He went to see her every other night and brought her books and everything. It was useless for Peter to declare that their friendship was on a purely intellectual basis, and useless for Nancy to shrug her shoulders and say, "Peter? He doesn't know I'm alive!" Seeing was believing and Margery Jones lived right next door to Nancy.

One night Nancy told Peter she couldn't see him on Friday. She was going to the high school dance with Fred. Nancy didn't smile when she told him. And she didn't smile on Friday when she looked out the window and saw his lonely figure leaning against a tree, gazing at the lighted windows of the gym.

The next Monday Peter was obviously nervous. He called on Nancy without a book, and made her do all the talking. Nancy tried valiantly.

Did Peter like free verse? Yes? She had thought he would. Did he think it would last? She did, too, though, of course, the older forms would still be used. Had Peter read "Casual Commentaries?" She'd been trying to get it. She supposed it was good. Was Peter entering the contest? Contemporary prose? How interesting!

But when her guest failed to talk even on this vital subject, Nancy gave up. They sat regarding one another.

Nancy thought: "He's really not half bad. If only he weren't so intelligent, and clever." Peter thought: "(She's really lovely!) I won't give up. Intellectual basis is the only one on which to build a friendship. (Her eyes are like stars.) It isn't real. Nothing is really lovely!" And all the little emptiness of love? (Her smile is sweet.) "T'aimeraije beaucoup si tro etais un autre?"

Then suddenly he grabbed her hand. "Nancy," he said, "I'm going. I'm not ever coming to see you again, I can't."

"Peter," said Nancy, "You are a nut."

The next time Peter called he brought a box of candy and an original poem in free verse. The main thought of the ten stanzas was that Nancy was the most wonderful girl in all the world. When he had finished reading it, Nancy looked at him with adoring eyes and murmured, "Peter, you're a genius!"

The world is still wondering.

L. Simmons '27

### Victory

A ROAR of applause burst from the stands as a team in blue swept on the gridiron and in short, quick plays raced down the field. Danny Holmes, carefully balancing himself on his weighty iron brace, arose and joined the supporters of Morton High School in a cheer for their team, his team, a team that had climbed roughshod over every opponent. Today, in the final game of the season it was to avenge itself on Stanford High, a time honored rival.

Danny dropped to his seat and with a thoughtful look on his dark, thin face, considered the chances of victory. No, they couldn't lose with Joe Murray in the game, Joe, whose brilliant, fighting leadership as quarter-back had guided and spurred on the team. Then there were Ed Van Ardle, giant tackle, and "Duke" Farrell, the rangy center, and Mike Dolin, the plunging full-back. What a team! Danny smiled as he watched them. The crowd was the largest of the season. Several hundred loyal students had made the trip from Stanford High, and double that number were in the Morton stands. But Morton High, altho the largest in the county, failed to support its teams. Rooters from smaller schools thronged to games, but Morton was indifferent. They had no spirit, no love for their school. And so it was that while Stanford supporters were willing to come miles to see its team perhaps go down to defeat, Morton had less than half of the school body present.

A shrill whistle sounded and the teams lined up, every eye on the ball. A dull thud and the game was on. Little, crippled Danny Holmes nervously clutched the arm of his neighbor on the right as a Stanford half-back started a run back. He relaxed in relief when Duke Farrell slipped thru the interference and made a savage tackle. After an ineffectual rush, Stanford punted with a favorable wind at its back. Joe Murray ran the ball back to midfield and Morton started a slow but steady march toward a touchdown. Then, under the very shadow of the goal-posts the Stanford team, fighting doggedly in answer to an imploring chant of "Fight, fight, fight, fight," stiffened and held Morton. Again they punted out of danger. Up and down the field they struggled until a whistle announced the end of the first quarter.

Danny shifted his withered leg to a more comfortable position and explained reassuringly to no one in particular, "That's all right. Watch them come back now and outplay Stanford. No team in the country can stop them now." Proof that Danny was right was not long in coming. Soon after play began,



Morton secured position of the ball on Stanford's forty-yard line and a brilliant end run by Joe Murray put the ball within scoring distance. Then Mike Dolin crashed thru for a touchdown after several rushes. The Morton cheering section took these gains calmly and no one groaned when Dolin failed to kick the goal. "6-0, 6-0," repeated Danny Holmes to himself. "Well, they ought to make it thirteen easy this half and maybe that much again next half." But the second quarter was waning when Morton again assumed the offensive and the timer announced the end of the half while the Morton team had but eight yards to go.

The Stanford supporters rose and applauded their team which had held a superior eleven to six points. Morton led by two, blue-sweatered youths in turn delivered calm praise for their team.

To Danny Holmes, something in the attitude of his school seemed unfair. They took everything so much for granted! They never thought of the hours of tedious practice, the terrific strain when on the field and how the players fought and struggled for their school. Instead, most of the students acted as if they were doing the school a favor by their presence. To the crippled lad, such an attitude was unjust and unforgivable.

The wait between halves seemed longer than ever before to Dan and after a listless conversation with a nearby student, he settled down to wait for the teams. At last they came and Danny hugged himself in anticipation as they prepared themselves for the kick-off. Mike Dolin, looking strangely short and aquat in the line of tall, free-limbed players, sent the ball hurtling end over end toward the Stanford goal, and the game was on.

It happened before play had been under way more than a few minutes. Joe Murray was skirting the right end when a Stanford back broke thru and made a desperate, diving tackle. Both bodies seemed to leave the ground and then come to earth with a thud. Joe shortly started to rise, but his leg crumpled under him and he fell back again.

Danny turned as a fat man in the rear, hindered by a huge cigar, remarked laconically, "It's a broken or sprained ankle, all right. I guess that lad's out of it, now."

A moment later Morton's quarter-back was being half led, half carried from the field.

Danny Holmes' heart sank, and a queer feeling of utter hopelessness came over him as he saw a slim figure in blue garb a head-gear and run on the field.

"That's 'Red' Sloan," volunteered someone. "He's a sub-quarter. This is only the second game of the year for him."

The Morton followers had been demoralized by the injury, but with more spirit and feeling than before they joined in cheers for Joe Murray and his substitute.

The struggle in the last half, while dark shadows fell across the field and twilight crept over the stands, will go down in the history of Morton and Stanford as the most dramatic and touching struggle of all. Murray, the spark and flame of Morton, was gone and the game was shaken. Stanford's steady eleven was suddenly transformed into a brilliant, powerful team which realized its chance for victory and called on all its reserve to reach it. Two yards, six yards, three yards, Stanford slowly continued its irresistible attack. Bedlam was let loose in

the stands. From the sidelines Joe Murray, tears streaming down his face, forgot his ankle as he watched his team give way, little by little, and all because they didn't have him to lead them.

The Morton cheering section which at first had calmly expected a victory, at last awakened. The realization that their team, fighting blindly without a leader, was being pushed back and back, came to them, and for the first time that day, a united school cheered and prayed for its team. Danny Holmes, a pathetic figure in the stands, felt it and suddenly his hate for his school disappeared. He was glad that he was in Morton High, he was glad he had a chance to cheer for a team like his, and, together with his schoolmates he encouraged Morton's eleven.

But Stanford was not to be denied. It was their ball on Morton's twenty-five-yard line and two rushes had failed to gain when suddenly a long forward pass shot thru the air. A Stanford end changed his course and racing across the field made a remarkable catch and dove across the last white line just as a Morton player tackled him.

Tie score, 6-6. There was yet a chance to hold Stanford. The weary team lined up again on the three-yard line. The entire Morton cheering section was on its feet imploring their team to block the kick.

A sudden hush came over the field as the ball was snapped back and then a gasp of disappointment from Morton as a drop-kick went straight and true between the posts. Stanford was ahead 7-6. A desperate Morton team received the kick-off and struggled to even the score. A united school fought with them, all indifference forgotten. Then thru the dusk came the last whistle.

Little Danny Holmes slowly arose and joined in Morton's song, "Sons of the Blue." Morton High had lost, but in defeat had gained a victory.

*O. Johnson '27*

### Ardon Forever!

AS the train pulled slowly in, Ted Allen glanced at his watch. "Two o'clock," he mumbled, "An hour and a quarter before the game starts." Ted was the captain and star right-end of the football team of Ardon College. He was now taking his team to a game.

One could see, on glancing at the boys' faces that they were under a real strain. Why shouldn't they be! They were to play Dawson College, a college that possessed a team that had not been faced by Ardon for fifteen years. This year, however, Ardon's back field players were exceptionally well balanced and her line was much stronger. Ardon was out to win, and to save her honor. There was only one disadvantage. Ardon was to play in Dawson's Stadium.

The team had to transfer at Howell and there was a twenty minute wait between trains. Because of his restlessness, Ted detached himself from the hilarious crowd that thumped him on the back and cautioned him to "do his stuff." He sauntered away and then walked down the street.

He returned just as the train was pulling out of the station. Throwing his suitcase before him, he jumped aboard. He thanked his lucky stars that he had arrived on time. Going to the car reserved for the team, he was surprised



to find it filled with strangers. He concluded that he was in the wrong car and so walked to the next one. But this car was also filled with strangers. On his way forward, Ted met the conductor.

"Pardon me, but can you tell me the number of the car reserved for the Ardon football team?" he inquired.

"I'm afraid, sir, that you are on the wrong train. This is the train for Whitesville," replied the conductor. "You can take this seat," he added.

Ted gasped as he realized his situation. What would he do? The coming game was the most important of the season and he, the captain, wouldn't be there. The honor of Ardon! He rummaged thru his belongings and brought forth a time-table. He would have to change at Whitesville and go across to Dawson.

"What a fool I am", he thought, "to get on the wrong train, and there's not a chance of getting to Dawson before the game is half over."

The time seemed to pass unbearably slow. The train stopped at every little town and every flag stop. Would he ever get there? Ted had his doubts.

"Whitesville!" bellowed the conductor finally. His announcement was lost in the screeching of the brakes. Ted, tightly clutching his bag, lunged out of the car. The train to Dawson was waiting at the station. With a sigh of relief Ted boarded it and settled into a seat. As he watched the scenery slip by, he thought hopelessly that the first quarter was surely over. Why were trains so slow? Ardon could have lost by now. Finally the locomotive puffed into the station.

He left the train and hurriedly jumped into a taxi, ordering the driver to "dash" for the stadium. And "dash" they did. They sped down strange avenues, around dangerous curves, and at last reached the football grounds. Ted thrust a two dollar bill into the driver's hand and ran towards the stadium. His heart sank as he saw the score-board: Dawson 10-Ardon 6. Ted rushed at top speed to the dressing room and donned his togs.

"The team's showing their worth all right, but it'll be a hard game to take" thought Ted. Then the whistle blew for the end of the third quarter.

When the teams came in, the people cheered lustily. Hurried explanations were made. Then Ted gathered his team around him and asked about the tactics used by the opponents. He explained the plays he would use in the next and best quarter. When all had been made clear, the boys trotted out on the field. Loud cheers rang out for the captain and his school.

Finally the teams lined up and the vital quarter started. Dawson had the ball, then Ardon had it. But in spite of Ardon's best efforts, the Dawson men blocked them. The Ardon players hardly gained an inch. Finally Ardon made a forward pass. As the pigskin rose into the biting, autumn air, Ted Allen leaped to intercept it. He caught the ball and hugging it tightly, made a dash for the goal. The Dawson men rushed after him like a wolf pack, but Ted, putting forth all his speed, was able to elude his pursuers. He was tackled just a little distance from the goal line. As he went down, the men hurled themselves upon him and his treasure.

The crowd was on its feet, breathless and tense. Where would the ball be? One by one the players finally rose slowly from the heap. Then the crowd went wild, for just over the goal line lay the ball. Ardon's men rose as one and filled the air with deafening cheers of "Ardon Forever!"

The long standing score was settled and Ardon had won!

*Edith Volk '29*

## Poetry

### Chant of the Rain

I'm here alone with the sound of the rain,  
Beat of the rain on the window pane,  
Dark of the night,  
And loneliness,  
And rain.

The rain is singing a song to me,  
A song of the long, sad days to be,  
Of how I shall seek,  
And what I shall find.  
It's taking the dream from the heart of me,  
Making a song of it,  
Long, lingering song of it,  
Ceaselessly, needlessly singing to me.

There's a monotony,  
Dullness, futility,  
Sameness unending  
In rain on the roof.  
Why should the mind of me keep so aloof?  
Surely there's nothing to fear  
In the sound of silver gray raindrops,  
Soft, on the roof.

There's a brave thought in it,  
Cleverly wrought in it.  
There's a clear pattern, tho I cannot see.  
There's a strange call  
In the pattering fall of the rain,  
And the call is for me.

I shall keep listening  
I shall keep seeking.  
I shall go out when the afterwinds blow.  
Here in the rain there is gladness and sadness.  
I shall go seeking,  
And search till I know.

*M. H. Bastow*



### Leaves

The leaves are symbols of the great Have Beens.  
 One wonders as he sees them scattered low  
 If each one has been all it planned, and wins  
 By merit, colors brightly hued; or flow  
 The paints so fast from Jack Frost's brush that drops  
 Of color from above splash down on leaves  
 Below, and he, deceived, removes his pots  
 As to another tree he goes? He weaves  
 The patterns: orange, red, gold, green, and brown,  
 Against the sky of blue. These bits of splendour  
 Round about us seem to say, as down  
 They flutter to the ground, "See how our tender  
 Buds have grown and shaded you from sun,  
 And now, rewarded, pass on, one by one."

*M. L. Simmons '27*

### Questions

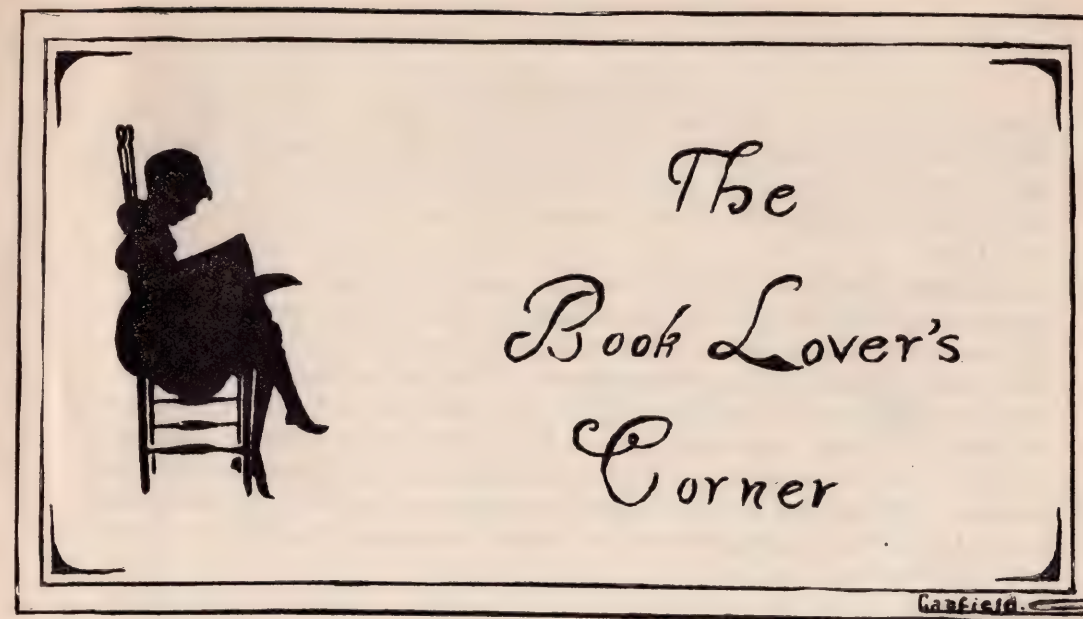
If I hunted all over the whole wide world,  
 I'm sure I'd not find a task  
 As hard as answering questions  
 A little child can ask:—  
 "Do fishes ever take a drink?"  
 Then as I scratch my head,  
 "And tell me what they like to do  
 After they are dead."  
 I used to think my teachers  
 Asked riddles by the pile,  
 But now I think a little child  
 Can beat them by a mile.

*V. Victoreen '29*

### Supplication

I wish I had a fairy friend  
 Who for poor me would fight and fend  
 Away the terrifying thrusts  
 Of teachers; "Do it well. You must!"  
 Oh dear! Oh dear! Where are they all  
 Who used to come at harassed maid's sad call?  
 Oh where are the fairies of olden time  
 Who were sung of and told of in story and rhyme?  
 Where are the wands, and Alladin's lamps,  
 And where the enchanter's fires and camps?  
 Please won't some kind and pitying fairies  
 Free me from Caesar's Commentaries?

*Dorothy Lamar*



### The Daughter of the House

THE Daughter of the House" by Carolyn Wells is a very interesting story. It is one of that well-known type for which Miss Wells has become so famous—the Fleming Stone detective story. Though it is her latest book, it has already become immensely popular.

It is a story of the Lang family, the father, David Lang, the mother, Eleanor, and their daughter, Mary. In reality it is a most interesting portrait of their respective characters. The great desire of Alexander Lang, a brother of David, is to gain his brother's inheritance before his death. After doing so, he plans to marry the lady of his choice and to be able to give her all the comforts and luxuries of life, she may desire. Mary Lang's engagement to Forrester Carr, is a very amusing feature of the novel. She sees fit to break it every other month and to keep her readers wondering what she intends to do next. Mary's childhood nurse offers her suggestions regarding the matter and they prove most valuable. Her part in the story is exceedingly clever and dramatic. These various details lead to the complication of the plot in the abduction of Mary Lang, the death of her mother, and the murder of her father. The famous detective is then called and he solves the mystery in a very clever fashion, with most startling and undreamed of revelations. It is a book which keeps one guessing until its last page is reached and the final effect is really most astounding. It arouses and maintains one's interest throughout the entire course of the tale and it is next to impossible to lay it aside without completing it.

*Grace M. Quirk '28*



### The Red Lamp

THE tang of these frosty October days makes us demand for reading, a story which has in it, elements of mystery, of love, and of adventure. To satisfy this overwhelming demand, Mary Roberts Rinehart, whom we all know as the author of "Tish" and "More Tish", has written an interesting book entitled "The Red Lamp."

William M. Porter, A.B., M.A., Ph.D., Litt. D., etc., an English professor as you may perceive, falls heir to an old country house, which has the reputation of being the abiding place of a party of ghosts. His wife, Joan, has a mind favorable to the reception of psychical messages. Their niece, Edith, who is engaged to young Holliday, is a lively girl, who, in a practical manner, capitalizes the mystery. As usual there is a villain, a Mr. Bethel, and Gardon, his secretary.

The scene of the story is laid in a straggling country village located on the sea coast. The great house which Mr. Porter has inherited, built on a slight eminence, is the commanding object of the region, dominating not only the countryside, but also the thoughts and actions of the people.

The mysterious has a large place in this book. Cabalistic signs, seances, dreams, as well as the customary murders, make the book out of the ordinary.

In most mysteries, one is fully convinced of the villain's identity, long before reaching the closing chapter. However, in "The Red Lamp" one may be certain of a real surprise at the concluding pages.

Charles Wells '28

### O Genteel Lady

ESTHER FORBES has written a new book, "O Genteel Lady", a charming and to some degree amusing story of the life of a New England girl during the middle of the nineteenth century, a time when those women who took any personal stand in the business world were viewed with much misapprehension.

Due to the fact that her mother had gone to Italy with one of her father's students, Lanice Bardeen left her home in Amherst, feeling that it had become too unbearable.

In Boston, she lived with her uncle and his daughter, studying art and helping him with a book he was writing on "Salem Witchcraft." Although Lanice changed her straight and narrow ways to some degree, she never fully conformed to the ideas of her cousin, a strong suffragette worker.

In her new home, she met many interesting people, of whom Anthony Jones and Sears Ripley particularly influenced her life.

Her travel in Europe following her mother's death is perhaps the best part of the book, as the beautiful scenery of Italy and France, makes a charming background for the action.

Lanice seemed more human from a modern viewpoint than some of the other characters, for she had many little mannerisms by which she was able to keep up her lady-like appearance as well as to find comfort and ease. Her principles and up-bringing form a striking contrast with those of today and thus add to the humor of the story. In reality the novel is an interesting, well-developed comparison between modern customs and the habits of nineteenth century life.

Barbara Ulricksen '28

### The Hounds of Spring

SYLVIA Thompson has accomplished something worthwhile by writing "The Hounds of Spring." The book deals with the decade from 1914 to 1924 and gives the actions and reactions of certain people during this extraordinary and trying time.

You, who are but a little way beyond it, follow with interest the different phases: the security of ignorance, the panic of war, the aftermath, the heritage. The novel arouses your sympathy, your admiration, a glimmer of understanding. The characters seem very real. You see Colin, hurt, and groping; Zina, full of faults, but real, and very lovable; Edgar, calm and philosophic. You appreciate their troubled thoughts and their desire for happiness. And you appreciate the sophistication of Olive Stanley, and the unconscious humor of Miss Grimmer. But best of all, you who are seekers after understanding learn to know and love Wendy. She grows up to be one of you. She has lost so much, and has so much to gain. She is humorous, pathetic, genuine and somehow you know that she'll keep faith.

B. H. M. '27

### Ghosts of Indians

Down the narrow war-path  
Softly, one by one,  
Comes a band of Indians;  
Stealthily they come.

Phantoms of the past are they,  
Winding in and out.  
Where their camp-fires used to be,  
Circling 'round about.

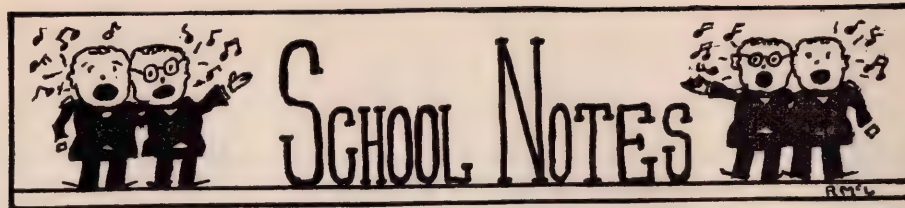
Ghosts of warriors. Everyone  
Brave, and bold, and free,  
Creeping 'round the city streets  
Where wigwams used to be.

In their places now they find  
Buildings, strong and tall.  
Only memories are there—  
Gone are relics, all.

Their traces now have vanished quite,  
But every year there'll be  
A march of "Ghosts of Indians,"  
To stir the memory.

Virginia Sclater '28





### Who's Who at P. H. S.

#### Classes

Senior A—President, Merrill Tabor; Vice-President, George Loveless; Secretary, William Shimon; Treasurer, Eleanor Gannon; Class Advisor, Miss Day.

Senior B—President, William Hetsler; Vice-President, Fred Chester; Secretary, Katherine Gregory; Treasurer, Kenneth Roberts; Class Advisor, Miss Morse.

Junior A—President, William Pomeroy; Vice-President, Robert Wagner; Secretary, Beatrice Vary; Treasurer, Everett Ayer; Class Advisor, Mr. Rudman.

Junior B—President, Clayton Nesbit; Vice-President, Rosemary Gannon; Secretary, Pauline Hillberg; Treasurer, Louise Brewer; Advisor, Mr. Lucey.

#### Clubs

*Student's Pen*, Miss Pfeiffer and Mr. Rudman; Public Speaking, Miss Waite and Miss Kelley; Current Events, Mr. Brierly; Radio, Mr. Russell; Glee, Mr. Smith; Etiquette, Miss Kaliher and Miss Day; Mathematics, Mr. Lucey; Dramatics, Mr. Huban; Debating, Mr. Allan; Handwork, Misses Lanou, Erhart, and Gerrett; C. M. T. C., Mr. Carmody; Posture, Miss Nicholson; Home Nursing, Miss Lewis.

#### Teams

Football Captain—Ted Coombs

Football Manager—William Hestler

#### Commercial Notes

At a meeting of the Senior B class the following officers were re-elected: President, Hattie Hinckley; Vice-President, Irma Chase; Secretary, Mary Flynn; Treasurer, Margaret Shea; Class Advisor, Miss Alice Downs.

The following ring committee was appointed: Earl Grey, Mary Flynn, Sybil Sexton, Hattie Hinckley, and Dorothy Combs.

Mary Flynn, Secretary

### With the Faculty

Miss Hesse, who is now teaching geometry in Mr. Curtin's place, was transferred here from Pomeroy School. Mr. Curtin is now at Commercial. Mr. Allan, who took the place of Mr. Bulger, is also from Pomeroy. Mr. Huban, who taught at Mercer last year, is now a member of our faculty, teaching Latin and history.

We welcome Miss Hesse, Mr. Allan and Mr. Huban and wish them the best of luck.

They say that women are forever changing their minds. We are glad some men do, for Mr. Lucey changed his and remained with us instead of going to Boston as he had planned.

#### Vacation With the Faculty

Mr. Brierly spent the summer at Clark University in Worcester. Studious, eh what?

Miss Conlon enjoyed a motor trip to Canada, and spent several weeks in New York also.

Miss Day had a very educational as well as enjoyable 2,500 mile motor trip through Canada and the middle West. Among the many places of scientific interest visited were Ausable Chasm, N. Y., A. C. Spark Plug plant at Flint, Mich., Ford factory at Detroit, Mich., Kellogg Toasted Corn Flakes factory and Sanitarium at Battle Creek, Mich., and University of Michigan at Ann Arbor. Few people know how to benefit by a pleasure trip in such a way.

Miss Catherine Kennedy, of the French department, spent her vacation in Otis with her sister.

Mr. Goodwin tutored all summer, putting his spare time in his garden where he is as successful as in the schoolroom.

Miss Mary Kelley enjoyed a trip to Atlantic City and while there had the pleasure of meeting Galli Curci and her husband.

Miss Morse had an enjoyable stay at Cape Cod.

Miss Jordan took several interesting motor trips, one to historical Boston.

Mr. Innis stayed for a time at Shelburne Falls, York Beach, Maine, and Cape Cod. He also traveled some through New Hampshire and Vermont.

Miss Pfeiffer studied at Columbia University, doing advanced work in the School of Philosophy.

### Why?

A lingering melody runs thru my mind  
And fascinates me with its lilting sweet tune.  
Day in and day out I have sought there to find  
The source of the cadence my thoughts ever croon  
In sunshine or darkness my heart ever turns  
To the mystical rhythm elusive and shy,  
Which teases me, comforts me, leads away, spurns  
Me, tenderly soothes, then is gone from me, why?

M. L. Simmons '27



# ATHLETICS

## A Prophecy

A Championship? A possibility if not a certainty. With a squad of seasoned veterans on hand and a wealth of new material to choose from, it looks as if Coach Carmody would have little trouble in rounding out a winning team. Pittsfield can send on the field a team averaging one hundred and seventy pounds which is an exceptionally heavy high school team. Combs, Garrison, Pomeroy, and Foster compose a quartet of experienced backs, while Chester, Almstead, Hebert, Russell, Ano, Edwards, Dellert, Singer, and Learned make up a line which should withstand with ease the attack of any high school in the Berkshire. Some of the new men who show up well are the Root brothers, "Bill" Kelly, "Ging" Fasce, and "Charley" Robertson. With good luck, we ought to have another cup for our display cabinet in the library.

## Pittsfield-Gloversville

With a sweltering sun overhead and a muddy field underfoot Pittsfield High fought Gloversville to a scoreless tie in the opening game of the season. The game was exceptionally well played, considering the conditions under which the teams met.

In the first two periods Pittsfield clearly outplayed its opponent from New York State, twice having the ball in scoring position, but lacking the necessary drive needed to push the ball over the last white line. Neither team gained much advantage in the third quarter, but in the final period Gloversville uncovered an attack, which, aided by three penalties, carried the ball to Pittsfield's two-yard line. At this point Pittsfield showed real class in holding this powerful eleven from scoring. As on other occasions Teddy Combs saved the game by making a fine tackle and preventing a touchdown from being scored. Teddy was injured in making this play and found it necessary to leave the game, but the injury proved to be slight.

The services of "Mike" Foster were lost to our team when he received a severe injury to his ankle after tearing off a twenty-yard gain. His loss is a severe blow to Pittsfield's championship hopes.

"Bill" Pomeroy proved that he had lost none of his line-plunging ability when he carried the ball twenty-five yards in two rushes. Bill should be Pittsfield's big ground gainer this fall.

Coach Carmody was well pleased with the showing of team although he expressed regret that the weather was so warm, as this slowed up the playing considerably. Several new members of the team showed up well, and hope runs high in Pittsfield.

## Pittsfield, 44-Rosary, 0

Pittsfield High ran roughshod over a much lighter and inexperienced team from Rosary High in Holyoke, on Columbus Day. Pittsfield played like a well oiled machine and scored almost at will. Little trouble was experienced in stopping the Rosary High offense while Pittsfield pierced their defense with ease. Pittsfield played a much smoother game than at Gloversville and proved that Coach Carmody has obtained results by the afternoon practice sessions. The whole Pittsfield backfield showed its prowess by the fine all-around work which it did. Bill Pomeroy led the attack with five touchdowns. Ano and Combs obtained the other touchdowns. Combs and Fasce turned in some nice gains which aided in the scoring. The line had little opposition, tearing great holes in its opponents defense and smearing Rosary High's weak thrusts. Coach Carmody used several substitutes in this game and seemed well pleased with their playing.

Pittsfield has a game with Lee next Saturday, October 16th which should be an easy victory. This will also be our first home game.

## Pittsfield-Williamstown

In the first league game on Pittsfield's schedule Williamstown was decisively defeated 34 to 0. Little trouble was given the Pittsfield team by their college town rivals. An offensive attack led by Bill Pomeroy, who scored twenty-four points, kept Williamstown under the shade of their own goal posts most of the time. The heavy Pittsfield line broke up the line attacks of its opponent and made gaping holes for their own backs. This line should prove a stumbling block to all the Berkshire teams. A great many substitutes were used by our team, but Williamstown could make no impression even under these conditions which proves that Pittsfield has some capable second-string men, which means a lot to any team. Ano added six points to Pomeroy's twenty-four to make the victory complete.

## Varsity Club

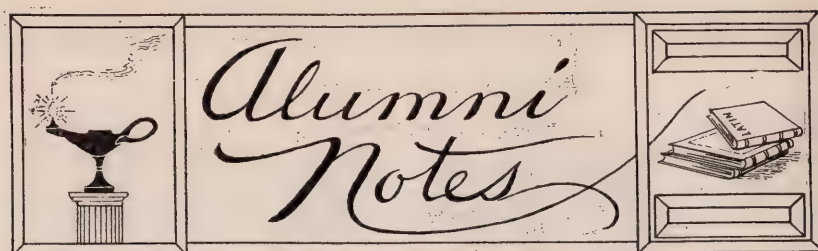
At the assembly held September 16th, Coach Carmody spoke about forming a "Varsity Club" consisting of fellows who have earned their letter in any branch of sport such as, football, baseball, track, and basketball. The plan met with much favorable comment and it is hoped that the club will be holding its meetings by the time this Pen is issued.

Mrs. Bennett, trying to have a Senior class locate the source of the Ohio River: "What is the Ohio made up of?"

O. Johnson: "Water!"

Maresy dotes, dovesy dotes:  
Lambsy drivey, kidsy drivey, too.  
Translated:  
Mares eat oats, doves eat oats,  
Lambs eat ivy, kids eat ivy too.





**'26** MEMBERS of the February Class who are attending colleges or other institutions of learning are:

Gerald Brown	Bradford Durfee School
Wilfred Blais	Dartmouth
Jennie Corrinet	Westfield Normal
Marie Cullen	Westfield Normal
Margaret Connally	Westfield Normal
Grace Genest	Westfield Normal
Margaret Leahy	Westfield Normal
Betty Halperin	Westfield Normal
Jennimae Cooper	North Adams Normal
Julius Jeppesen	Pratt Institute
Viola Hutchinson	Framingham Normal
Maryhill Mahon	Our Lady of the Elms
Charles Sullivan	Colgate
William Whalen	University of Niagara
Howard Goold	Bliss Electrical School
Hubertus Field	Bliss Electrical School
Philip Sagarin	Union
David Morrison	St. John's College
Morris Poch	Boston University
Benjamin Shusterman	Boston University
Edward Connally	St. Michael's College
Marguerite May	Berkshire Business College

**June Class**

May Buckler	Massachusetts Agricultural College
Theodore Childs	Dartmouth
James McIntosh	Dartmouth
Marjorie White	Wellesley
Ruth Dunbar	Russell Sage
Maxine McClatchey	Russell Sage
Eudora Lapham	Russell Sage
Eli Cooper	Rensselaer Poly. Inst.
Constant Kutepoff	Rensselaer Poly. Inst.
Peter Kutepoff	Rensselaer Poly. Inst.
John Gannon	Holy Cross
William Kirchner	Holy Cross
Lynwood Stodden	Union College
Alexander Tanner	Union College

Earl Greene	Harvard
Jack Harding	Harvard
Richard Osborne	Harvard
Harriet Moses	Smith
Mildred Rubin	Smith
William Lipschitz	Boston University
Lucy Mendis	Boston University
Nathan Weinstein	Boston University
Doris Carruthers	Westfield Normal
Doris Heather	Westfield Normal
Katherine Hicks	Westfield Normal
Ione Howard	Westfield Normal
Elizabeth Knight	Westfield Normal
Mary Lennon	Westfield Normal
Esther McGill	Westfield Normal
Margaret McGill	Westfield Normal
Margaret Ring	Westfield Normal
Charlotte Thurston	Westfield Normal
Geraldine Corkhill	North Adams Normal
Anna Joyce	North Adams Normal
Rosemary Haylon	St. Rose's College
Leonard Feldman	N. Y. City College
Ralph Garner	Hampton Institute
Greta Kennedy	Worcester Normal
Carmen Massimiano	University of Pennsylvania
Wesley Noble	Philips Exeter
Margaret Tompkins	Barnard
Alice Burns	Mt. Sinai Hospital
George Rice	Williston
Katherine Ryan	Skidmore School of Arts
Alyce Columbia	Berkshire Business College
Margaret Smith	Berkshire Business College
Amelia Nagleschmidt	Berkshire Business College
Margaret Nealon	Berkshire Business College
Leila Burns	Berkshire Business College
Lora Hoag	House of Mercy
Ellen Monks	House of Mercy
Violet Rankin	House of Mercy
Viola Vreeland	House of Mercy
Mary Sardam	St. Luke's Hospital
Beulah Zillig	Hillcrest





*The Student's Pen* extends a cordial greeting to all its old exchanges, and as cordial a welcome to the new. We hope to make the *Pen* bigger and finer than ever this year and you can help us by sending in your magazines. Won't you please introduce yourselves to us? We want to know you one and all—and you have our best wishes for success the whole year thru.

### As Others See Us

*The Student's Pen*—A fine all-round magazine. You have a literary department to be proud of.—*The Exponent*, Greenfield, Mass.

*The Student's Pen*—This is a paper consistently good—one we like to read.—*The Shucis*, Schenectady, N. Y.

*The Student's Pen*—Welcome! We surely enjoyed your exchange and look forward to the next.—*Murdock Murmurs*, Winchendon, Mass.

*The Student's Pen*—Your book certainly shows poetic ability. "Book Review" is an interesting department, but why not have a cut for it?—*The Crimson and White*, Albany, N. Y.

### As We See Others

*The Fort George Lantern*, New York City—We have done nothing but loudly sing your praises since your paper came to us. Among our exchanges there is not a single magazine as cleverly illustrated, as distinctive and different. The unique cuts "finish" your departments. We like you, *Fort George Lantern*! Come again!

*Mercyon*, Wilkes-Barre, Penn.—The cover of your magazine gives an air of distinction to your paper. We admire the spirit shown by your school in sending delegates to the convention. Wouldn't an exchange department improve you, *Mercyon*?

*The Record*, Boston, Mass.—Yours is a carefully organized paper. We think a line or two of poetry would make it more interesting.

*The Cue*, Albany, N. Y.—You have a "ducky" literary department, and your cuts are extremely clever. We think that more poetry would be appreciated.

*The Shucis*, Schenectady, N. Y.—A very complete and interesting magazine, but we are convinced that more cuts are needed.

*The Exponent*, Greenfield, Mass.—Your literary department is invariably good. Glad to see that you've started a joke section.

*The Crimson and White*, Albany, N. Y.—You have a "corking" literary department, but an athletic section is conspicuously missing from your magazine.

*The Student's Review*, Northampton, Mass.—We just enjoyed your grinds,

and "Picket's Charge" deserves comment; but why not have a joke department?

*The High School Herald*, Westfield, Mass.—Yours is a well-balanced paper, but we think that a poetry department and a few more cuts would improve your standard.

*Murdock Murmurs*, Winchendon, Mass.—An enjoyable magazine with excellent cuts. We suggest as an improvement that you have your poetry separate from your literary department.

*The Enfield Echo*, Thompsonville, Conn.—Your literary department deserves mention. We enjoyed "Two Runaways". How about hustling up a bit more material, and where, oh where are your exchanges?

*The Argus*, Gardner, Mass.—Your editorials are very snappy, and your literary department excellent. A good idea to include a picture of the Senior Play Cast. Sorry we missed "The Copperhead."

*The Red and Black*, Claremont, N. H.—Your contents are well written. We enjoyed the editorials "muchly". How about arranging your poems less scatteringly?

*The Orange and Black*, Middletown, Conn. Your cuts are very clever, and your literary department a fine feature, but don't forget that stories are always popular!

*The Orange Leaf*, Orange, N. J.—An interesting little paper, but wouldn't a book review department improve your makeup?

*The Clarion*, Fair Haven, Vt.—A unique cover. But where may your stories be?

*The Argus*, Gardner, Mass.—We enjoyed all the features of your graduation issue. The "Obituary" and "Statistics" were extremely clever.

*The Netop*, Greenfield, Mass.—Your graduation cover was very attractive. We congratulate you on your fine "Class Prophecy."

*The Jeffersonian*, Rochester, N. Y.—Your contest is certainly a splendid idea, and should arouse interest. We wonder if your editorial department couldn't weather a bit more attention.

"That's the nuts," remarked the squirrel, as he showed a friend thru his storeroom.

\* \* \* \*

M. Hesse (in park): "Can you tell me if this plant belongs to the arbutus family?"

Gardener: "No, mam, it don't. It belongs to the city park."

\* \* \* \*

Lecturer: "I will use my hat to represent the planet of Mars. Is there any question before I go on?"

Voice from the rear: "Yes. Is Mars inhabited?"

\* \* \* \*

Coach Carmody to the football squad: "What have I told you about keeping in single file? Here you are hollering and shouting around here like a lot of sheep!"

\* \* \* \*

Student: "Where's the right?"

N. Mango (traffic officer): "It all depends upon which way you're standing."





G. Loveless: "Miss Mills, Johnson just asked me this one; see if you can get it. 'If the moon is made of green cheese, how much formaldehyde must a cat eat to catch that mouse? Solve for x.'"

\* \* \* \*

K. Killian, just before Columbus Day: "Oh dear, why didn't Columbus discover America on a Wednesday so I could get out of a Math lesson?"

\* \* \* \*

Pupil in Latin class: "Miss Mills, what are the endings for the gerundive?"

Miss Mills: "di, do, dum, do."

A. Coleman: "Dido, dumb dora!"

\* \* \* \*

Pupil explaining the developing process of photographic negatives: "When this process is nearly completed it is interesting to see your friends and other landscapes appear."

\* \* \* \*

A "line" given to "green" campers: "Ask the councillor for the key to the pitcher's box so we can play baseball."

"Go to the village for some glass headed nails, and bring some red oil—my car's tail light is out."

\* \* \* \*

The most reliable lads in the world are college men—there never seems to be a bit of change about them.

\* \* \* \*

Just because a fellow wears a wing collar, don't think he's an angel.

\* \* \* \*

Senior: "My mother was born in Paris, my father was born in Los Angeles, and I was born in New York."

Freshman: "Funny how you all got together, wasn't it?"

\* \* \* \*

Sdrawkcab tleps skool enil a woh si siht.

\* \* \* \*

Joe Wood: "Let me give you a tip."

Freddie Carpenter: "Tip it."

J. W.: "Go down to the bakery and stand in front of the big oven."

F. C.: "For why?"

J. W.: "There's dough in it!"

\* \* \* \*

Pi Learned: "You're lookin' tough. What's the matter, sick?"

Ted Coombs: "No, jus' recoverin' from a painful operation."

Pi: "What was it?"

Ted: "Th' doctor jus' took ten bones out of my hand!"

\* \* \* \*

1st Freshman, raising hand: "I'll strike!"

2nd Ditto, raising hand: "I'll strike! Is it a match?"

Sophomore (standing beside the fountain on the third floor): "May I get a drink before next period?"

\* \* \* \*

Fisherman, a stranger in these parts: "How big do fish around here run?"

An old inhabitant: "Wal, these here fish usually swim!"

\* \* \* \*

Mrs. Bennet: "Now get down to brass tacks."

Voice from the rear: "Who's going to furnish them?"

\* \* \* \*

New Pupil: "Is Miss Conlon in favor of the new dances?"

Senior: "All but one."

N. P.: "And which is that?"

Senior: "The Latin trot."

\* \* \* \*

Miss Kelly: "Harvey, use the right verb in this sentence—'The toast was drank in silence.'"

H. Loveless: "The toast was ate in silence."

\* \* \* \*

There are two sides to every question, they say; so there are to a sheet of sticky fly-paper—but it makes a lot of difference to a fly which side of it he chooses to stand on.

\* \* \* \*

#### EX.

Scrutinize carefully the following sentence and state how many F's (large or small) it contains:

"The Federal National fuses are the result of scientific study combined with the experience of years."—*Ex.*

\* \* \* \*

#### IN SOLID GEOMETRY CLASS

Teacher: "The inside dimensions of a hay barn are 48 ft. long, 32 ft. wide, 24 ft. high to the roof, and 36 ft. high to the ridgepole. What are the contents?"

Pupil: "Hay."

\* \* \* \*

This ad appeared in the window of a western grocery store:

Special sale of dates, prunes, fruits and nuts. Buy now; the early bird gets the worm.

\* \* \* \*

"What does the professor of Greek get a year?"

"Oh, about \$1,200."

"What does the professor of Latin get?"

"The same."

"Well, what does the athletic coach get?"

"Oh, he gets \$12,000."

"Quite a difference."

"Yes, but did you ever hear 40,000 people cheer a Latin or Greek recitation yet?"



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